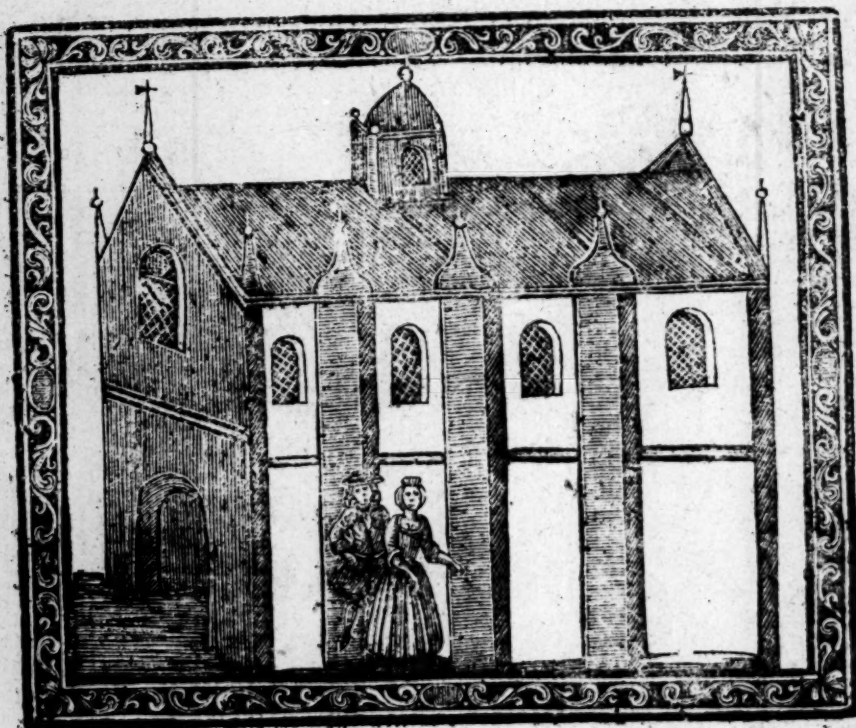


The Tavern KITCHEN FRAY:

Or, A Dialogue between NELL and her Mistress.



IN a tavern kitchen, the cook's territories,
Where commonly either a slut or a whore is:
A lusty young wench sat just by the dresser,
A drunken young rake was going to kiss her.
The masculine jade, with a fork in her hand,
She bid him stand off at the word of command;
She being a girl of both virtue and value,
She cry'd, Keep your ground, or by Jove I will maul you.

He swore he would kiss her; she swore, Zounds for what?
He strove, and she struggled, so that he could not.
But as they contended thus who should be master,
There happened in the scuffle a scurvy disaster;
For a pudding with plumbs andieg by on a stool,
Ready mix'd for the bag, temper'd up in a bowl,
Unhappily met with a fall in the bustle,
And by them was thrown to the ground with a jostle.

The cook at the sorrowful sight was inflam'd,
She with'd her antagonist sullen and lam'd.

The spark in return to the queen of the kitchen,
Fell then in good earnest to cursing and birching:
Thus as they contended, pursuing the matter,
They trampled above ankle deep in the batter:
As soldiers hard set in a battle do use
To fight till the blood quashes over their shoes.

The sturdy defendant her pudding beholding,
Fell then in good earnest to scratching and scolding.
She fought like a cat when her passion was stirr'd,
To see the good food trod about like a turd.
Her greasiness now was now was all venom and gall,
She swore she'd admit of no kissing at all.
She push'd down the spark, who most decently lay.
In the midst of the batter that fell in the fray;

Then up he arose full of malice and spite,
To see his black cloaths painted over with white.
He look'd in a pickle without any lying
Like a piece of tripe dipp'd in batter for frying.
The curls of his wig were so pasted and matted,
All over be-daub'd, be-plumb'd, and be-fatted.
So eggy withal, that a man might have sworn,
He just in the pillory had taken a turn.

The cook in the corner stood snoring and laughing,
The spark she had tumbl'd stood fretting and chafing
So near to the fire, in a mighty disgust,
Till the pudding was bak'd on his back like a crust.
The maid with her arms set a-kimbo did cry,
I've heard of a puppy-dog bak'd in a pye,
But never yet met with a story alluding
To such a great whelp ever bak'd in a pudding.

The mistress by this time, who sit in the bar,
Being told the whole story by Richard the drawer;
Came in for to know the whole truth of the matter,
And view'd with sad eyes the downfall of the batter.
Whhy, hussy, said she, in a wonderful passion,
You impudent baggage, pray what is the reason,
The pudding design'd for your master's own table,
Is thus trod about like a turd in a stable?

Zounds! madam, cries Nell, I've done him no hurt,
It's all his own fault, he may thank himself for't.
Altho' I'm a poor kitchen-wench, let me tell ye,
I scorn'd to be tumbled or touz'd by the belly,
Or flabber'd or kiss'd like a slut that is ready,
To pleasure each for like a night-walking lady.

I'd have you to know I am honest, tho' poor,
And disdain to be us'd like a Drury-lane whore.

Then up comes her mistress, and throws up her head,
Why marry come up, you're a beautiful jade:
If a gentleman handles you thus to improve ye,
I'm sure if he smells you he can't chuse but love you.
Go, go, you're a slut, I'll have you to know,
And a strumpet to serve any gentleman so;
For one silly kiss to occasion this strife.
You've spoil'd the best pudding you've made in your life.

Zounds! madam, says Nell, in a very great fury,
I will not be sneak'd nor curb'd, I assure you:
Altho' I'm a cook-wench that waits in the kitchen,
I never was yet catch'd a whoring or birching:
Nor never did yet from my modesty vary,
So far as to be jumb'l'd against a pipe of canary;
Nor ne'er did commit so notorious a fault,
To be catch'd in a trick with the drawer in a vault.

Hold, hussy, says madam, you impudent quean,
Pray who is't you reflect on, or what do you mean?
Did ever you know in the course of your life,
That e'er I prov'd worse than a virtuous wife?
It's amazing to me, I'm astonish'd to think
What your impudence aims at; sure you're in drink:
Or else to your mistress you never would prate
At this bold, saucy impertinent rate.

Then Nell come up to her mistress, said dear madam,
As bad as I am, I was ne'er yet at Adam:
Altho' I'm a cook-maid, I'll not be fumb'l'd,
Nor by a fool be tossed and tumb'l'd:
Nor yet am I drunk, as your ladyship says,
Tho' I know who was, to their plaguy disgrace:
Who was catch'd with a spark leaning over a chair,
With one hand in your breast, and the other elsewhere.

Hold, hussy, says madam, you ill-natur'd devil,
For shame, hold your tongue, that implacable evil;
Go mop up the batter you've traml'd and stood in,
And let me not hear one word more of the pudding.
Whose fault was't? cries Nell, get into the bar;
What business have you to come prying in here?
The more you reflect, and the more you do talk,
The worse it will be, so you better had walk.

Well hussy, said madam, for once you shall win me,
To shew that good-nature and patience is in me.
Now you're in a fury, I'll shew a concession.
But rattle you off when you're out of your passion.
Thus madam return'd to her station the bar,
With a nettle in her breech, and a flea in her ear:
Being glad to get out of her own kitchen railing,
From Nell, who was privy to part of her failing.

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